Battle of the Bull! Two editorial views on one page!

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Someone finally responds to the Magocsi issue!

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FEDORY wears a Russian jacket to keep warm...

...page 10

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СТУДИНЕЦЬ

Vol. 1 No. 8 "OF ALL THE UKRAINIAN NEWSPAPERS IN TORONTO, STUDENETZ IS...ONE OF THEM!" February 1993

Dibs on Kids

Studinform – A Toronto lawyer has decided to limit his involvement in an international adoption procedure involving Canadian couples and children from Ukraine for fear of ethical problems.

Michael Figol, of the Toronto-based firm Mitchell, Bardyn and Zalucky, has stopped handling adoption cases for Canadian couples looking for children in Ukraine due to what he called "the moral and ethical problems with the system there."

According to Figol, a couple musr be prepared "to grease the palms of various officials in Ukraine" to ensure that they get a healthy baby of their choice and a quick processing of the adoption.

Within the last year and a half, at least six Toronto couples have successfully adopted children from Ukraine, Figol said. One Toronto couple paid us $10,000 for their adopted child, said Figol. Figol said that the prices for the children range from US $5,000 upwards.

"Anybody that pays (for children) is being scammed. I have dealt with the authotities in Ukraine and there is no cost," said Bohdan Chmyliwsky, Executive Director of the Orphans of Ukraine Support Group, which has successfully completed four adoptions since July of last year. It took one lady only three weeks to get a child over to Canada, Chmyliwsky said.

Figol called going over to Ukraine "very stressful" for prospective parents. "You get involved in payola, and Canadians find that difficult to deal with."

Figol said that he knew of at least one couple from the United Stares who were shown children with physical deformities, such as harelip and clefr palate. "Although they are correctable, couples undergo a lot of stress when seeing sruff like that. They begin to think that they will have to pay to get a normal child." In one home that Figol visited in Kyiv, 90% of the children suffered from physical deformities due to the Chernobyl nuclear disaster. "Overseas adopters are not coming over to adopt deformed children."

Figol cited what he called "the unofficial policy of the government of Ukraine regarding adoption" as one of keeping healthy kids in that country. "Lists of doctors are available who will, for US dollars, certify a physical deformiry where in fact there is none," Figol said.

Valentyna Kuryliw, who is spearheading a campaign by Canadian Ukrainian Immigrant Aid Society (CUIAS) to help normalize the adoption procedure between Canada and Ukraine, said that there are list of parents in Ukraine who are ready and willing to adopt healthy children in their own country. "In Ukraine a cross-eyed child is quickly dismissed as 'not ideal' when a simple medical procedure we have available here in the West will cure the child."

Regarding Ukraine's government policy Kuryliw said "They don't want to lose their children" citing a very poor birth rate. "The Ukrainian government does not want to set up an agreement with the government of Canada, because that will open up Ukraine to everybody," Kuryliw said. Kutyliw said the government of Ukraine is interested in making children available for "selective adoption." "Families of Ukrainian origin outside of Uktaine should get first dibs on children from over there, " Kuryliw said.

International adoptions by Canadian parents involves provincial child welfare legislation, Federal immigration laws as well as the legislation of the child's country. Ontario's Ministry of Community and Social Services in a pamphlet informs parents seeking to adopt internationally that there may be "costs for adoptions which are completed in the country of the child's origin through a private source. Costs for these adoptions will be considerably higher and may reach $20,000 or more. The Ontario government has no control or jurisdiction over this type of activity." "Adoptions International" of Alberta levels an administration fee of $20,000 for international adoptions, including Uktainian kids, Kutyliw said.

The National Adoption Desk of Canada has already concluded an agreement with the Rights of the Child Agency (RCA) in Russia in November last year. The RCA was established by the central Russian Ministry of Education last ycar, and charges a fee of US

(continued on page 3, 'Dibs...')

"Signs, signs, everywhere there's signs..." Kyiv, January 18, 1993. Protestors gather in front of Ukraine's Parliament to call for new elections. See page 5 for more photos from this winter in Ukraine. *Photo: Ukrinform*

CHOORCH

Vyacheslav Hytenyatsky

WARNING: This article will start with miscellaneous ramblings and then it will get into the meat. Thank ya' for you're patience.

I just gotta say that I is lazy. I did not do much work for this piece. Most of it was stolen from the Most Honorable Esquire Andrij Wynnyckyj, who is a faithful employee of the revered publication "Uktainian Weekly" (from Joiseeee). So I thank ya' Andrij and Roma Hadzewycz (the laner is the chief ed. of UW) for saving me lots of time and bother.

There's a saying. And it goes like this: "Three quarters of the priests in this eparchy are not canonical and the rest are spiritual cripples." I did not make this up. I couldn't. I'm not like that – even though I wish I were. My knowledge of priests is not broad enough to make this type of statement. My knowledge of religious matters (moral, philosophy, sin, etc.) is also not up to scratch. And I know very little about church politics, which is actually what I'm writing about. I know polities, in general. So how can church politics be any different? Probably just as sleazy, right? RIGHT!

FACT: On December 29, 1992 A.D. the Vatican appoints Rev. Roman Danylak as the Apostolic Administrator for the Uktainian Catholic Eparchy of Toronto. The same day Patriarch Myroslav Cardinal Lubachivsky sends a letter of congratulations to Rev. Danylak. This leaves the present Bishop Isidore Borecky as a mere figurehead, a hood ornament, of the Eparchy. An Apostolic Administrator is usually appointed to an eparchy when there is an emergency in that eparchy, such as the mental or physical breakdown of the reigning bishop. No such case here. What Bishop Borecky and the Synod of Ukrainian Bishops asked for, in May of 1992, was an auxiliary bishop – just a good ole' helpin' hand – not a replacement.

FACT: People, especially a certain number of priests, are really ticked off at the above stated fact. On January 20, 1993 about 45 priests met at the St. Demetrius Church hall in Toronto. The issue of the appointment of Rev. Danylak was discussed and a letter of prorest was drafted. The lener was addressed

(continued on page 3, 'Choorch')

Catch Prof. Paul Robert Magocsi's lecture "The Birth of a New Nation, or the return of an old problem? The Rusyns of East Central Europe." on Thursday, 25 February, 1993 7:00 PM, Upper Library, Massey College at the University of Toronto.

News and Info

'...They ain't 'a changin...'

(from an editorial in the New York Times, printed on Monday, January 11, 1993).

Last weekend's treaty pledging dramatic reductions in nuclear arms could dispel fears of a devastating first strike forever. That puts America and Russia "at the threshold of a new world of hope," in [ex!]President Bush's well-chosen words. Whether they cross that threshold, however, depends on Ukraine and other former republics (sic!) that claimed title to nuclear weapons on their soil after the breakup of the Soviet Union.

Russia is not obliged to begin dismantling its arms until Ukraine ratifies the 1991 Start I treaty. And Moscow says it won't disarm until Ukraine also confirms its intention to become nuclear-free by signing the Nuclear Nonproliferation Treaty.

•

Washington has offered Ukraine ample inducements to take those steps. But Ukraine keeps asking for more. The Bush administration was right last week to say enough is enough.

President-[elect] Clinton will also need to tell Ukraine that it risks becoming a paraiah if it delays carrying out its international obligations. That will send the right signal to India, Pakistan and other countries on the precipice of proliferation.

Kiev now says it won't ratify Start until February at the earliest. Two weeks ago President Leonid Kravchuk reaffirmed Ukraine's intention to get rid of all 176 missiles and 30 bombers - or 1,656 nuclear warheads - based on its territory "within the minimun time." But inaction speaks louder than words.

The US has offered an initial $175 million to reimburse Kiev for its share of the cost of transporting, storing, and dismantling its arms. But Ukraine now wants $1.5 billion, an outlandish sum.

Kiev is also seeking a US security guarantee against Russia. But Washington would be foolish to offer one. That would needlessly affront Russian nationalists, already smoldering about Moscow's diminished stature. Offending them could jeopardize the nuclear arms cuts and make the US and Ukraine less secure.

Proud people in a new state will inevitably engage in some chest pounding. But Ukraine's ultra-nationalists also argue that nuclear arms are essential to national security. That's a self-defeating argument: a nuclear-armed Ukraine would alarm not just Russia but neighbours like Poland and Germany, feeding regional insecurities.

One solution is eventually to develop a new regional arrangement - a collective security pact that involves Europe as well as Russia and the US. But that won't work without infusions of aid and investment to Ukraine and others in the region to help foster democracy and prospetity.

The promises of aid now need to be accompanied by a warning: The US and its allies are prepared to isolate Ukraine and deny it economic help. To deliver that message Mr. Clinton needs an ambassador in Kiev less sympathetic to Ukraine than the incumbent, Roman Popadiuk.

The US and Russia have finally found a way to case their nuclear insecurity. Yet, without the cooperation of what is now the world's third largest nuclear power, Ukraine, the most important single treary in arms control history remains little more than a promise of nuclear peace.

(Editor's Note: In the spirit of 'an eye for an aye', we feel that it is necessary to offer our own opinion of the subject matter discussed in the drivel printed in the above predatory statement of primitive inflammatory journalism. Hey, New York Times! *Why not leave mouthpiecing the party line as determined by Big Brother in Washington to the US government. Perhaps a newspaper of your otherwise high-calibre publication should stick to journalism and not ass-kissing pork-bellied bowling champions in very out-of-date cars. To the rest of you, let IT be known... WE TOLD YOU SO! Oh beautiful four spacious skies!)*

...and in the other corner...

The following is an op-ed piece written by Stephen Chapman that appeared in The Chicago Tribune on Thursday, January 14, 1993. It was entitled "Ukraine's Nervy Insistence on Self-Preservation."

The demand by Russia that Ukraine give up its nuclear weapons brings to mind the bully's excuse for a fight: "He started it—he hit me back."

Ukrainian history is largely a chronicle of invasion, conquest and oppression by the Russians. For more than two centuries, Ukrainians lived undet the unsolicited rule of their giant neighbor. In the 1930s, they were also the victims of Stalin's monstrous campaign to collectivize agriculture, culminating in a "terrot-famine" that killed some 6 million Ukrainians—as many deaths as the Jews suffered in Hitler's Holocaust.

Now the Ukrainians have gained their independence from Moscow and exhibit a perverse desire to keep it—something that isn't assured as long as they live next door to a country that has far more people and resources, a powerful military, a political system of doubtful stability and a body of opinion that regards Ukraine as Russian property.

The Ukrainians' best bet for national survival is the nuclear weapons they inherited upon the death of the Soviet Union. But instead of recognizing the unique legitimacy of their cause, the United States is demanding that they relinquish them to comply with the START accords—agreements reached not by the Ukrainians but by the Russians.

The Russians, you will notice, are just reducing their nuclear arsenal, not giving it up. They face no expansionist neighbors, and their traditional adversary, the U.S., has become a stalwart friend and benefactor. But they figute in a petilous world fraught with uncertainty, a wise nation will not abandon its means of defending itself. Americans likewise prefer not to go naked in a nuclear world.

This behavior is only rational, but the Ukrainian government isn't allowed to be rational. It is supposed to behave like a saint, cheerfully renouncing the means of self-preservation in the touching hope that the Russians and everyone else will be much kinder to Ukraine in the future than they have in the past.

And what if they aten't? That's a question only the Ukrainians seem to care about. They might be willing to turn over their missiles and bombers if the U.S. offered the shelter of its nuclear umbrella, treating an attack on Ukraine like an attack on Germany, South Korea or Japan. We, however, have no business making such an extravagant commitment, one the Russians might not take seriously anyway. Though Americans may be (or might have been) willing to start World War II to rescue Germany or France, we aren't about to do it to protect the independence of Ukraine.

But Ukraine's independence is a good thing for us as well as the Ukrainians. If Russia should revert to its bad old ways, it will be less dangerous without the wealth and people of Ukraine than with them. A free-standing Ukraine can also help counter the Russians should they ever start throwing their weight around Europe. Strictly for its own interests, the U.S. ought to be doing what it can to make sure Ukraine never again falls under Moscow's control.

But as military specialist Barry Posen of MIT's Defense and Arms Control Studies program puts it, "The Russians have found a way to bamboozle us into guaranteeing Russian hegemony over Ukraine—our nuclear phobia." A strong aversion to nuclear proliferation is perfectly understandable, but in this case the cure is worse than the disease.

Sometimes these weapons cause intolerable dangers, but sometimes they deter war and promote stability—as they did in the 40-year standoff between the U.S. and the Soviet Union. Would Israel be safer, or the Middle East calmer, if Jerusalem hadn't acquired its own nuclear arsenal? Ukraine isn't about to use its atomic warheads for aggressive purposes against Russia, which will retain twice as many. The only value of the doomsday weapons is defensive—to scotch any Russian ideas of invasion or coercion.

Of course we don't want to give other countries the idea that we no longer oppose proliferation as a general matter. Very few could be trusted with them. So it makes perfect sense to go through the motions of objecting and pressuring the Ukrainians—as long as they know we don't mean it, and as long as the Russians don't get the idea they have our permission to have their way with Ukraine.

But if the Ukrainians insist on keeping their nuclear arsenal, as they probably will, we shouldn't treat them as pariahs. And we should offer help behind the scenes to make sure they have the technical expertise to handle it safely.

The Ukrainians' only crime is standing up on their hind legs and acting as if their survival matters. They realize what should be obvious to all—that they had better take care of themselves, because no one else will. They would be crazy to sacrifice themselves on the altar of nonproliferation, and we wouldn't be wise to try to make them.

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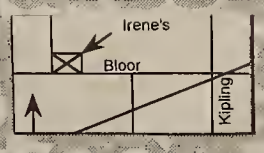

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К.- Вітаю вас щиро. Насамперед хотілося б почути коротко про Вас: звідки Ви родом, яка Ваша спеціалізація?

С.- Родом я із Пряшівщини, с.Убля, на кордоні з Україною, якого, між іншим, не було до 1945 року. Щойно у 1945 було встановлено кордон і, тим самим, відокремлено українське населення Пряшівщини від Закарпаття. Я закінчив київський інститут ім. Драгоманова, згодом працював редактором українського журналу ,,Дружно, вперед!" у Пряшеві. Потім, покараний партійними властями, працював рік у колгоспі; за правління Дубчика мене реабілітували, і я був інспектором культури для українців Чехословаччини. Перед окупацією цієї країни у 1968 році,я виїхав,як турист, до Італії, і та подія мене вже там застала. Я, звичайно, не повернувся назад до Чехословаччини, оскільки був причетний до демократизаційних процесів, які відбувалися там перед 1968 роком. Після 3-ох місяців побуту в Італії, переїхав до Німеччини, де працював спочатку в ,,Свобода". Через рік потрапив у Гетінститут, де вивчав німецьку мову, а опісля закінчив університет у Франкфурті по спеціалізації ,,слов'янські мови та Сх.-Європейська історія".

К.- Що Ви можете розповісти про українське населення Чехословаччини? Яка кількість українців живе там?Чим вони займаються? Які основні українські організації створені у цій країні?

С.- Число українців, що проживають на території Чехословаччини /русинів-українців,як вони тепер себе називають/, не можна точно назвати. Після II-ї Світової війни на Пряшівщині існувало біля 300 українських сіл /понад 150 тисяч осіб/. У 1947 році в українських школах нараховувалося понад 33 тисячі українських дітей. На сьогоднішній день ця цифра подвоїлася, проте, зголошується до української /чи то так русинської/ національності все ті ж 33-35 тисяч осіб.Отже, бачимо, що за останніх 45 років пройшла деяка денаціоналізація.

К.- Чи Ви погоджуєтесь з теорією про те, що русини - окрема нація?

С.- Я свою думку висловив у відкритому листі до професора Магочі. Він називався ,,Хто ми є і чиї ми діти" і був опублікований у багатьох українських газетах еміграції, зокрема на Пряшівщині, як також і в Україні. Мене обурила позиція пр. Магочі, який старається довести, що моєю матір'ю не є та, яку я знаю змалечку, і яка, фактично, є моєю законною історичною матір'ю. Він вигадав не рідну мені матір. Я ніколи не заперечував назву ,,русини", але завжди наголошував, що ми є русини-українці, які належать до тієї русинської /руської/ нації, що бере початок у Київській Русі. Моя позиція дуже чітка і, переважно, розходиться із сучасними теоріями про політичний русинізм, який поширюється, зокрема, на Закарпатті.

К.- Ви згадали прізвище пр.Магочі. Нещодавно вгазетах української діаспори з'явилась майже сенсаційна стаття, що заторкнула багатьох. Йшлося в ній про нібито співпрацю пр.Магочі із службою СБ Чехословаччини, про його особистий кодовий номер і навіть прізвисько. Чи Вам щось відомо про цей факт і, якщо так - що саме?

С.- Так, цей факт широковідомий у Чехословаччині.У 14-му номері газети ,,Руде Краво" за 1992рік на 72-ій сторінці 3 рази згадується прізвище Магочі, як співпрацівника таємної служби держбезпеки Чехословаччини. В газеті подано дату народження професора, номер, під яким його було зареєстровано, та два прізвиська - ,,Маго" і ,,Магу". Серед додатково наведених прізвищ можна знайти прізвища інших українських науковців, письменників, людей різних професій Пряшівщини. Згідно іззаконом Чехословаччини, кожен, чиє прізвище було оприлюднене у списках агентів таємної безпеки, має право попросити випис із таємних актів і протестувати, якщо воно неправильно опублі-коване. Саме цим правом ско-ристався п. Микола Мушинка, який виступив із протестною статтею-поясненням.

(далі буде)

CHOORCH DIBS ON KIDS

(continued from page 1)

to Patriarch Myroslav Cardinal Lubachivsky, who resides in Lviv. The letter was signed by anywhere from 40 to 60 priests, depending on who you talk to. A delegation of priests is going to Ottawa to protest to the papal nuncio.

FACT: Bishop Isidore Borecky was not personally contacted by anybody. According to some, he heard of the announcement on a radio progtam. Others say he tead it in The Toronto Star.

FACT: This is just the latest round of scrapping between the Vatican and Bishop Isidore Borecky. The Vatican has a rule that bishops should retire at the age of 75. Bishop Borecky has 81 years under his belt. There was an earlier conflict between both parties in 1989 when there was a failed attempt to dump Bishop Borecky. He claims that he never submitted a resignation and is not bound by the Canon Law which dictates retirement age.

CONTENTIOUS FACT: People are scared that Rev. Danylak will "latinize" the Ukrainian Catholic Church. They point to the fact that his ordination will take place in St. Michael's Cathedtal (the Mecca for Toronto's Roman Catholics). Bishop Isidore Borecky's ordination also took place in this cathedral. Bishop Borecky did not "latinize" the Ukrainian Catholic Church. However, Rev. Danylak blew it when he told Ukrainian Weekly reporter Andrij Wynnyckyj that "I should actually go to Rome, and be ordained in the Basilica of St. Peter to do justice to all the people who want to participate."

CONFLICTING CLAIMS: Some individuals contend that Rev. Danylak's name was not on the list of the three names the Ukrainian Catholic Synod gave to the Vatican. Others say that the original list had Rev. Danylak as a candidate for the post of auxiliary bishop but that his name was removed at the last moment, and the list had only two names. Still others say that the list had three names, and that Rev. Danylak's name was on it, and that nothing was changed. Since officially the list is secret no one knows for sure. Those who know are probably not telling or are being drowned out by the hullabaloo. Another rumour has it that Rev. Danylak was on a list for the post of Bishop of the Vancouver Eparchy, or somewhere far from Toronto.

CONCLUSION: The place is a mess. What is true is that there is lots of dirt being thrown around – by both priests and lay persons. Some priests are angry simply because the action of the Vatican was a breach of protocol and constitutes an attack on the Ukrainian Catholic Church. For others it is a personal vendetta against Rev. Danylak. A conclusion can be made that the real problem does not lie with the relations between the Vatican and the Ukrainian Catholic Synod, but within the actual Synod itself. Had the Synod just given one name – no controversy. The integrity of the Ukrainian Catholic Church would thus have been preserved. But by avoiding the responsibility of making a decision and letting the Vatican decide, a controversy has been blown open. Something tells me that it won't die out quickly.

(continued from page 1)

Education last year, and charges a fee of US $1,000 after finalization of the adoption.

Unlike in Russia, the various adoption homes in Ukraine are not run by the central government. They are administered at the regional level by raykomy - committees who grant adoption orders.

Lorraine Fernando of the National Adoption Desk of Canada travelled to Ukraine last year in June on a fact-finding mission. There is currently no formal policy between the governments of Ukraine and Canada regarding adoptions from Ukraine.

"In Canada," said Figol, "couples have to wait four to five years after they have been approved for adoption. There is a great lack of children up for adoption in Canada in the age group most parents are looking for. In Ukraine it can take six months to a year to get the child of your choice, providing you have greased the right palms with the right amounts. The morality of it stinks."

The Canadian Ukrainian Immigrant Aid Society's programme is still in the formative stages – they have yet to complete a successful adoption, though a few have been initiared. "Prospective parents should be prepared to spend around $8,000 to cover a trip for two to Ukraine, room and board for two weeks, a translator and a driver. There is no cost for the baby." CUIAS is dealing with one lawyer in Ukraine. "We're trying to arrange for parents to be able to pay all the administrative costs all at once here in Canada so that they don't end up in a situation where someone may demand more than they are entitled to. We too are not interested in the greasing of palms," Kutyliw said.

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Editorial Page

Trouble in Paradise. The Ukrainian Catholic Church's Eastern Canadian Eparchy (based in Toronto) is going through some changes. The question: From whence are the winds of changes blowing. Rev. Danylak's appointment to the rank of Apostolic Administrator of the eparchy immediately made him the *de facto* and *de jure* "boss". It's a done deal. Now, everybody and their grandmother are trying to read into the appointment to discover who is behind this change. Those who maintain the wind of change came from the Vatican point to the fact that Rev. Danylak doesn't say "Pattiarch" during mass. Others who argue that there was no malintent on anybody's part contend that the Synod of Ukrainian Catholic Bishops, held in Ukraine this summer, elected Rev. Danylak to the position.

The change may have gone unnoticed if not for the reactions to the appointment of some of the 180 men of the cloth in the eparchy. Some are afraid that Rev. Danylak will "latinize" the eparchy. They are the ones that want to see the "eastern" quality of the Ukrainian Catholic rite emphasized. One married priest told "Studenetz" that he doesn't foresee his status changing as a result of the Danylak appointment. Wether or not Rev. Danylak will lay his hands on married men seeking to join the prieshood is another question.

Others, who belong to the more liberal Catholics, fear that their practices (like comunal confessions and the bulk forgiveness of sins) and their teachings (on the subject of birth-control, for example) will not be permitted under Rev. Danylak. One parish (or is it just one priest?) has even threatened to leave the jurisdiction of the Ukrainian Catholic Church and join the Slovak Catholics. Some priests fear that they will banished to a parish in Nova Scotia or Notthern Quebec, the Siberias of the eparchy, for their views on the right rite.

The pragmatists are saying that the real issue at hand is one of money. Either the eparchy's assets (property, the seemingly bottomless pockets of souls looking for salvation, and the priests' nice threads) will come under the control of Rome, or Lviv, the Apostolic See of the UCC, will have the final say. The question is whose chief executive is also the President of the Board of Directors of the Ukrainian Catholic Church.

Those who view the Church's role as completely subordinate to the national cause point to the fact that the Pope is Polish. (Anything short of a Ukrainian Pope will not satisfy these people.) They question Rev. Danylak's allegiances too, but they may be really concemed about whose instrumental band he will support.

One cool priest is on the record as saying something along the lines of: even the Pharisees giving Jesus three years before they crucified him. The appoinrment was immediately effective on December 29 '92 and there has yet to be a controversial statement or move on Rev. Danylak's part.

In any event, what is happening is not healthy. All the hullabaloo is serving interests other than those of the UCC or of the Ukrainian people. And they wonder where the youth has gone. And they can't understand why the young people that dos show up to Mass stand at the back of the Church.

Money, the correct inerpretations of The Word, and minute differences in the text of the Mass aside, Ukrainian Christians could really use a Slipyj or Sheptytskyj right around now. We will be forever conquered as long as we remain divided. Or maybe the Second Coming is right around the corner. I'll give you 10 to 1 odds that Jesus could set all of this in order, let alone making sense of the whole thing.

The Editoriel Boerd: Stephen Bandera • Eugene Kachmarsky • Marko Suprun • Zenon Fedory • Ivan Antoniw

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Calling all readers! Calling all readers!

As we continue to progress in terms of doing this newspaper thing, "Studenetz", as you can well see, is changing. Among the plans in the not to distant future: we will lower the subscription rate to $6.00 per year. Every issue of "Studenetz" will then cost only 50¢ per issue.

The reason – that's the lowest price we can charge in order to qualify for a second-class mailing registration number.

Everybody who has paid $12 or $15 for subscriptions, will have them automatically doubled. Thus a one year subscription will turn into a two-year subscription.

In order to qualify for the second-class mailing registration number, we have to have one thousand paid subscribers. We're almost half way there. That's why we are offering all potential "bulk subscribers" a further discount per subscription if they order at least 50 issues per month. All student clubs, Church organizations, youth groups and other non-profit organizations are being asked to consider making "Studenetz" available to their members as part of their membership dues.

When we reach the magic number of 1,000 subscribers we will be able to mail "Studenetz" to every single subscriber's home.

Any retail outlet that would like to sell "Studenetz", or make it available to their customers free is also asked to call "Studenetz" at (416) 763–2935.

Letter

Sir,

The Dec. '92/Jan. '93 issue marks the second time you have marred an otherwise interesting publication with your theatrical concern for Prof. Paul Robert Magocsi's former employment as an "StB agent." That you offer your readers no information on your progress of investigating this allegation is a mark of incompetency. Further, you fail to question the accuracy of the Czech newspaper "Red Cow" and conveniently fail to mention the unfavourable declaration leveled against it by the Union of Ukrainians in the Czech Republic in July of 1992. Surely the family name of the founder of STUDYNETZ (sic) is privy to the negative effects of heinous journalism.

If your aim is to assault the credibility of Prof. Magocsi, may I suggest a less sloppy approach? Maybe fabricating a sex scandal furnished with detailed transcripts of unbridled conversation between Prof. Magocsi and federal NDP leader Audrey Mcglaughlin (sic)? Or perhaps a story about Professor Magocsi experimenting with pot as a student complete with a bold caption: "Yeah, but I didn't inhale"? Think of the potential revenue you could generate!

As for antogonizing the University of Toronto Ukrainian Students' Club with regard to our absence of comment on this "issue", I think it is safe to say that many of our members don't give a rat's ass. You would be wise to reconsider your illusion of U.S.C. – its' purpose and nature is primarily, though not exclusively, a social one. Yes, we're a motley crew, but attacking the reputation of a professor without sound and persuasive evidence is not an urgent priority.

Whether or not Prof. Magocsi was a KGB agent is not the issue. What is relevant is the method you have chosen by inlating doubtful premises. It is faulty and must be abondoned. Perhaps a little less nationalistic posturing and greater attention to facts and details may cultivate greater precision and serve your ends well.

William Szuch
University of Toronto
Ruthenian Students' Club? We "marred" page 2 in this issue too.– ed.

"Studenetz" - "Студинець"

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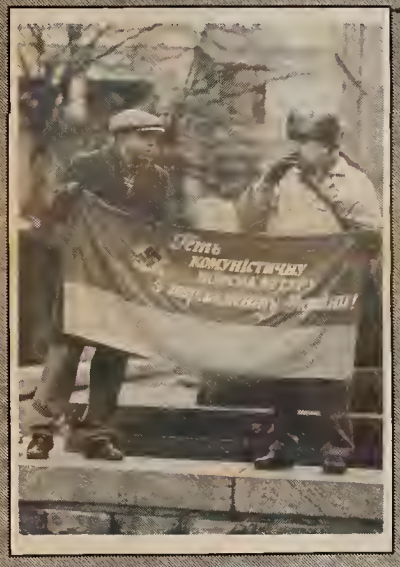
The articles and advertisements in "Studenetz" do not necessarily represent the views of the editorial board. "Studenetz" will not publish material attempting to incite violence or hatred towards particular individuals or an identifiable group, particularly on the basis of race, national or ethnic origin, colour, sex, age, mental or physical disability, sexual orientation, or membership in any political organization. We will print anything written either by or for the young at heart. Unsolicited submissions are welcome. Articles will be ackowledged if accompanied by an SASE. "Studenetz" will be published 12 times a year. **Subscription rates:** for 12 issues $12.00 Can, $15.00 US, £10.00 (includes mailing). **Advertisements:** Please call (416) 763 - 2935. Printed in Canada by Studenetz Enterprises at KT Printing in Toronto. Second-class mailing number and GST number are pending. Thanks to Donna for a fresh perspective. Circulation: 2,000. Happy Valentine's Day! May everyone spend it with their other half.

ЗИМА В КИЄВІ · WINTER IN KYIV

Kyiv, January 17, 1993 – Soldiers take the oath of Indepent Ukraine'a Army. Photo courtesy of Ukrinform.

January 18, 1993 – A demonatartor holds up a sign during a protest in front of the *Verkhovna Rada*, Ukraine's Parliament Building. Note the architectural detail on the facade. "Out with the red gang'" reads the sign. Ukrinform.



December 12, 1992 – Two men hold up a sign in downtown Kyiv that reada: "Get the communist nomeklatura out of the Parliament!" (Seen them in Ontario?) Note the transposed swastika on the hammer and sickle. Photo by Ukrinform.

December 1, '92 – The first anniversary of the historic "Yes" vote on the question of Ukrainian Independence. Demonstrators in Kyiv's "Indpendence Square." The sign announces the collection of signatures for a petition calling for new elections to the Parliament. "Indifference and Passivity are crimes against yourself and society." Photo By Ukrinform

UKRAINIAN WEEK AT U of T: Feb. 27 - March 5 '93

organized by the UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO UKRAINIAN STUDENTS' CLUB

Saturday, February 27

•**SUPER ZABAVA** featuring "Zahrava" at the Ukrainian Cultural Centre, 83 Christie St. Tickets: $10 in advance, $13 at the door

Monday, March 1

• Display of **Ukrainian ceramics**, embroidery and art at **ROBARTS** Library (South Showcase) 130 St. George St. 8:30 AM to 11:30 PM. The exhibit will be on display until Friday, March 5.

• **TARAS BULBA NIGHT** at Club **TREMBITA**, 85 Christie St., 8:00 PM. Watch the Hollywood movie and take part in traditional Kozak festivities. Admission: $2.

Tuesday, March 2 – Friday, March 5

• Exhibits at SIDNEY SMITH HALL, 100 St. George St., 9:00 AM to 4:00 PM. Exhibits include: **The 1st Anniversary of Ukrainian Independence, 100 Years of Ukrainian settlemement in Canada, Chornobyl, Internement of Ukrainians during WW1, Ukrainian musical instruments, Ukrainian Easter egg peinting**. Movies daily, and Ukrainian dance performances daily at 12PM and 1 PM. • Robarts Library Art Exibit 8:30-11:30.

• Movie "**Oxygen Starvation**". Film fron Ukraine about life in the Soviet Army. This film recieved Hounorable Mention at the Festival of Festivals.

GET INVOLVED – FOR MORE INFO, CALL THE CLUB AT: (416) 968-9222

Wednesday, March 3

• Robarts Library Art Exhibit 8:30 AM-11:30 PM. Sidney Smith Hall Exhibits 9:00AM - 4:00PM.

• **Food Fair** at Sidney Smith Hall 11:00AM - 2:00PM. A chance to sample traditional Ukrainian foods. Proceeds to go to the Ukrainian Canadian Care Centre.

• **Panel Discussion "Dilemmas of Independence in Ukraine"** 8:00 PM at the Medical Sciences Bldg. 1 King's College Circle Rm 2173. Moderator **Dr. Adonis Yatchew**, U of T Dept. of Economics. Topics: National Security and International Relations, **Dr. Peter J. Potichnyj**, University of Mc Master Dept. of Political Science. The Internal Political Situation and Minorities, **Dr. John Jaworsky**, University of Waterloo Dept. of Poltical Science. Economic Restucturing, **Dr. Basil Kalymon**, U of T Dept. of Management.

Thursday, March 4

• Sidney Smith Hall Exhibits 9:00 AM - 4:00 PM. **Ukrainian Dancers** (Performances at 12:00 PM and 1:00 PM). Robarts Library Art Exhibit 8:30 - 11:30 PM.

•**Lecture "Ukrainian Nuclear Arsenal"** 8:00 PM at the Medical Sciences Bldg. 1 King's College Circle Rm 3171. Mr. Andrij Vesselovsky, Attache of the Ukrainian Embassy to Canada

Friday March 5

• Sidey Smith Hall Exhibits 9:00 AM - 3:00 PM. Robarts Library Art Exhibit 8:30AM - 4:00 PM. **Closing Ceremonies** 7:30 PM, **Hart House** Music Room (Hart House Circle). An invitation has been extended to the Ambassador of Ukraine, **His Excellency Levko Lukianenko**, to give the Keynote Address.

З НОВИМ РОКОМ – З КОЛОМИЇ

Пилип Задюганий, з під Коломиї

Добрий день, мої народоукраїнці, або здоровенькі були, як сказали б полтавці, або здрасьте, як сказали луганці, або привєт, як кажуть одесити, або „Славайсу", як вітають у нас під Коломиєю. Давно ми вже з вами не зустрічалися. А все через те, що я почав займатися бізнесом.

Мій бізнес — трава, корова, свиня і руки. А ще на старість почав дописувати до газет. І що найцікавіше, вони почали мене друкувати. А чому? Та то тому, що я взявся обмірковувати, що і чого в нашій Україні. І коли, приміром, Валентин Мороз радить нам товаришувати з Японією, то я думаю, що не лишень тому, що у нас спільні атомні долі. По перше, Японія далеко від нас, по-друге, японці у лику не вродилися, у лику не ходять та й у лику всіх не водять. А потрете, вони нижчі за нас.

Ото-на передодні 1-го грудня вигріваючись на печі і думаю. Мушу принагідно повідомити, що в нашому селі люди геть подуріли: повалили печі і перейшли на водяне опалення. Ну хіба ляжеш на батарею і снуватимеш думки? А на печі—рай. Жінка дров докидає, букові дрова потріскують, а я дум-думдум-думаю....

Ще до недавна ми модрувалися в країні, де одні двері відчинялися до себе, а другі - від себе; де продавці писали „Санітарна година", в той час загоряли на Пруті; де в туалеті без перегородок і дверей, ми відчували себе єдиною соціалістичною сім'єю; де лікар давав лапове шевцеві, аби ушив йому добрі чоботи, а швець давав хабаря лікареві, аби не вводив йому замість новокаїну пеніцилін; де на автобусі писало „Полтава-Черкаси", а їхав у „Суми"; де, роками не бачивши подругу дитинства, ти міг здибатися з нею в черзі; де прибиральниця, маючи в руках віник і ганчірку, відчувала себе полковником КГБ і могла мокрою ганчіркою, дати по губах; де в підвалах нелегально розмножувалися комарі і вважалося добрим тоном обпльовувати лушпинням соняшникового насіння тротуари; де всім націям і народам легко давалось слово з трьох літер....де півлітра в'язала представників усіх конфесій, стані звань і посад у єдиний радянський народ, де все було „наше", навіть Чорноморський флот; де суспільство ділилося не на пролетаріат, колгоспне селянство і прошарок--інтелегенцію, а на першнх секретарів, міліціонерів, генералів, кадрбників, директорів, голів, начальників - з одиого боку, і їхніх годувальників - з другого; де генеральний секретар найбільше любив свою вставну щелепу, а в трупарні вам могли датн зовсім іншого небіжчика. Одним словом, усе це і багато іншого діялося в імперії СССР.

„Ми що, друга Куба?"

Тепер вже є незалежна Україна, особливо незалежна від українців. Ми її зустрічаємо з присохлнми кишками в животі, з лютими осами в голові, з надією, що в Канаді чи США зголоситься про себе живий родич. Наша Україна молода-молодюська, хоч на її губак, уже високо молоко, і масло, і мед. Отця молода Українська держава відрізняється від іншнх держав тим, що в ній є найдобріша міліція і служба безпеки. Ось приміром, підпалив хтось садибу Льва Толстого чи містечко Ганса Андерсена - у дикобраза в сіднпці знайшли б, а у нас горять хрести, могнли, рвуть державні прапори, ламають меморіальні памятники, підпалили хату Тараса Шевченка - вичичирк. Правда, арештували одного пана, здається Щербатюка, за те, що розпалює міжнаціональну ворожнечу, але це поодинокий випадок.

У нас є українська за гудзиками армія, і вища, за нашими мірками, освіта. У нас вже так довго вводяться гривні, що людям здається, нібн вонн вже давно ввелися. Мн не просто йдемо в рнпку, ми біжимо до нього — мн вже пробігли його, погубивши черевики і скарпетки. А колгоспи, як стояли непорушно, так і стоять. І всі кричать: „Україна—цукрова держава!". Ми що, друга Куба?

Студентн стоять проти СНД. Правільніше вони за СНД, але без Україии. Хай тудн замість Україии Китай приймають. Уявляєте Глава Російська Православна Церква, РПЦ, (пекінський Патріархат) Алснь-сінь 4й. і в Чукотському дротяному округі донські козакн?! Дехто вже відспівав заупокійну по комуністичній партії, а вона лише заснула літаргічним сном і вся суть у хірургові: чи він накаже закопати небіжчика, чи тримати його доти, докн той не прокинеться. То добре, що хоч маленькі, але всеж є якісь партії в Україні. Я навіть таку коломийку склав:

Вже на нашій Україні
Мороз не потисне,
Бо одразу ж над морозом
Хмара чорна звисне.

Дехто вважає, що якщо є вже Українська Держава, то в нього повинен загоїтися геморой і вирости волосся на грудях. За рік незалежности злодій хоче—аби можна більше красти, лінивий—аби довше спати, байдужий—аби до нього приходили з лазні додому й мили, пияк—аби пляшка горілки коштувала пять купонів, спекулянт—аби були прозорі кордони, а замість стадіонів—торжки. Всі хочуть їздити, навіть якщо нема бензину, і всі хочуть їсти, навіть якщо прнорюють врожай. Нікого не влаштовує Президент. Я теж особисто з ранку його бю, а у вечорі-гладжу. Бо зранку в крамниці ні хліба, ні масла не купиш, а увечорі думаю, як добре, що мою піч не колупають кулі. Колись керівників підтримували. Варто було найпершому зодягти кашкета на голову, як одразу ж у кашкетах з'являлися всі місцеві перші. А тут президент з'явився у вншитій сорочці-одни голова Верховної Радн його підтримав.

Не ті часи; не ті моди.

Мій сусід Юхим, не сусід, а антнукраїнська реклама, кричав учора на пів села: „Нащо мені ця безковбасна Україна здалася?!" А його жінка крикнула йому у відповідь: „А нащо ти мені без.... здався?!" Бачите без ковбаси ми ще якось переживемо, а ось коли в людиии дечого бракує—то вже гірше. Помацайте себе, чн у Вас усе на місці, а тоді вже нарікайте. І все ж я за цю безковбасну Україну, а не за червоноковбасиий СССР. Я вірю в її будучину. Я вірю, що її цукор і масло споживатимуть найперше її громадяни. Я вірю, що не лише посол США в Україні розмовлятиме українською мовою. Я вірю, що комуністи ще раз останій, добудуться до влади і заморожена Україна протримається не довго.

Тому я вітаю Вас, панове, і Вас, товарнші голодранці, з новим роком нашої Незалежности і бажаю любитн не лише посадн, долари і молодиці але й Україну. Так, як люблю її я, простий сільський чоловік, і зі своєї печі зичу їй миру, злагоди, заможності, демократії, могуті і добра.

„Мрія людства" – Зіновій Михальчук

СКРА
Ukrainian Dance Troupe
Meeting to be held February 21st, 1993 5:00pm
at the TREMBITA Social Club (Just North of the Bloor Subway)
For more information please contact
Bohdan "Bodge" Postolan
at 251-0279

Things that make you go hmmm...

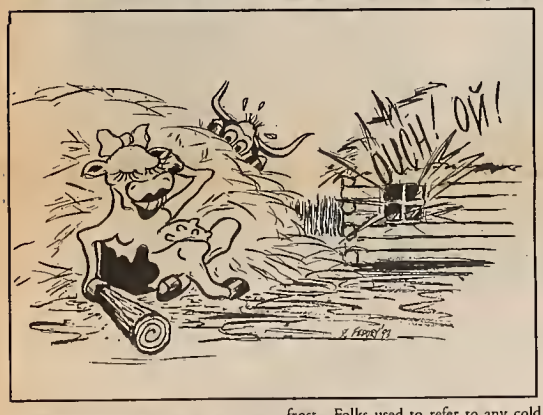
Saint Vlas

by Norm De Plume

As February drew to a close back in the good ole' days, the countryfolk would get together and celebrate the Day of Saint Charlampij.

Now, if you lived in the north-western part of Ukraine called Volhyn, you would have celebrated his day on the 23rd of the furious month (February), but most everybody else celebrated it on the 24th (Gregorian calendar) of February, but those who did, celebrated Saint Vlas' holy day, not Saint Charlampij's. Thoroughly confused? Good...

Saint Vlas is a Christian martyr. According to local lore, he was the patron saint of farm animals, especially of cows. Church services would be held in the corrals, and icons of the saint would be carried into the barn and generally to every place that the cattle frequented. Holy water would



be sprinkled onto the cattle who were then forced to inhale clouds of burning frankincense. Folks would wish each other: "May your herd multiply and not be ill!"

On this day, young married women would all get together and get ploughed – drunk that is – at the local ale-house. Their toast: "May the cows be gracious!"

Upon return home, the custom held that the drunk wifes proceed to beat their husbands with that wooden thing-ama-jig they used to roll strands of wool upon. While doing this they would say "May the oxen be obedient!"

This holy day finds its routes in pre-Christianized Ukrayina-Rus', when the god responsible for cattle was Volos, also referred to as Veles, depending on which side of the river you grew up on. When Vlad the Great all of a sudden decided that the people want to become Christians in 988 AD, he ordered all worship of Volos to stop, and all likenesses of the pagan god destroyed.

But the holy day remained. As happened with Perun (our version of Zeus/Thor), the pagan god and his/her day were replaced with a Christian saint and her/his day. Thus Perun was transformed into the prophet Elijah, and Volos into Vlas.

The legend of Saint Vlas goes something like this: In and around 4 A.D. there lived a man called Vlas who spent all his time looking after forest animals and poor people. To illusttate that fact, folks used to tell a little tale, of how Vlas returned to a poor widow her wild-boar that the wolf had stolen.

As recently as 1838, according to Russian ethnographer Snegirov, folks would bring beef, butter, and cheese to Church, and lay it at the foot of St. Vlas' icon – identifiable as a picture of a holy-looking kind of guy surrounded by cows. Snegirov says that, on average, 30 to 40 lbs. of beef is collected on Saint Vlas day.

In the Kyiv and Chemihiv regions of Ukraine, Saint Vlas' day usually matked the end of the coming of the frost. Folks used to refer to any cold weather systems moving their ways at this time as "Vlas' frost" (Vlasovi morozy). That frost was thought to have been the last one for the winter, so folks used to say "Saint Vlas takes the edge out of winter!"

The next day, the 25th of Februaty, is St. Meletius' Day – the Ukrainian equivalent of groundhog day. If on this day the weather is sunny and nice, then the folks brace themselves for yet another frost, and possibly a blizzard.

In some parts of the country, folks would not do anything with their livestock on any Friday during the month of February. If they did so, they would most cettainly have an oxe die that year, or the hands of the culprit would just whither away and fall off. Housewifes would not engage in weaving or sewing of Friday February's. Their sacrifice was to ensure that the hemp grew well the following growing season.

The preceeding information comes from Oleksa Voropay's two-volume ethnographical study entitled Zvychayi Nashoho Narodu (Our Peoples' Customs) published by Oberih Publishers in Kyiv in 1991.

FEAR AND LOATHING ON THE REFERENDUM TRAIL

by Chi Chi ModaL

After the October-December 1991 referendum campaign cum presidential election drive, Leonid Kravchuk managed to cut off a slightly pulsing geopolitical lifeform called Ukraine from the cadaver of the Soviet Union and, infused with the people's euphoria in independence, set about the task of making a vibrant fiefdom, encouraged by the wildly optimistic economic expectations for it of, among others, the Germans. Look at them now. Look at Ukraine now.

A group of students, journalists, and other professionals from Canada and the US had been assembled to agitate in favor of independence during the aforementioned referendum campaign, and the writet of this piece joined it; with an intent to compile a Gonzo report on the sordid goings on expected to either defeat the effott, or make it meaningless.

Because the campaign was so successful, and because Ukraine's leaders, out of sheer perversity, proved honest in their intentions to assett the country's independence, all that remained was to provide a sketch of the capital's soul.

It appears that the city is not only an ancient mecca of culture and religion, possessed of stunning beauty when viewed under the right climactic conditions, but also a place capable of producing visceral revulsion. This piece is a compilation of journal entries from late October 1991, written in a room of the Ukraina Hotel, originally known as the Metropol, but renamed during one of the USSR's floridly paranoid campaigns against "rootless cosmopolitans" and their speech patterns.

Kiev. Some bill it as the whore-mother of Russia. It might settle down one day to just being the capital of Ukraine again. It might become something like Petersburg–Leningrad, a kind of eastern European New York, but right now it looks like a black decaying shithole.

> **"...Zounds! Gloomy Slavic hookers...."**

Sorry. It's fall, the worst time to be here, and after about five days of drizzling wretchedness compounded by a candyass prohibition from the group leader (I'd say gruppenfuhrer but I don't want to compromise the operation), I sat down yesterday afternoon with some locals and downed hellish shots of moonshine that they gleefully assured was made from grass. Not dope, but grass.

Shottages. It's just like a famine here goddamit, they're going for the grass and the tree bark. Anyway, I think that the shock of that vile juice is helping me to crawl up from a massive dose of Soviet culture shock. I'm beginning to get my voice back.

Culture my ass. This place is a perfect example of what the two superpowers have done to the world by trying to divide it between them. The planet's inhabitants are forced to endure their parade of relentless vulgarity and lack of what they call "culture" here. Kultura is the local word for it, as expressed in that timeless Soviet proverb "tiokhnika bolshaia tolko kultury niet" (roughly: big technology, no culture). Kultura also implies upbtioging, sophistication, politeness, grace, etc. – all things they have a huge and very justifiable infetiority complex about.

Cowering in my room for the first couple of days, as the others were being shipped off to the coalfields and steel mills, all I could understand were snippets of Ukrainian television, which broadcasts the intimidatingly hilarious sessions from their parliament, the Supreme Council (sure it sounds overdone, Stalin set up the system ferchrissakes), and reports brought to me from the front.

The front, for our operation, is mostly anyplace where a bunch of locals gather on the street and start talking more loudly than they have to. Formerly "October" and now "Independence" Square is such a place. I've began to think that our pamphlets are a hockey-oriented excuse to get a fight going instead of just a loud debate.

A line-up for food is another perfect place for scouting reports, but I know better than to join one of those. Because of the shortages, the presence of a Western human in a queue for scatce provisions is not very amusing. (I was going to write "visibly" Western, but there's no way not to be after only three days.) Don't try it.

Most of what I saw when I went to the front myself didn't compute. Just like a local's immuniry to the bacilli in the water, you have to build up buffers to the titanic quantities of bullshit thrown your way. Initially, when you see the work-a-day insaniry you've heard about unfold in front of your eyes,nothing registers.

We've been slotted, at great expense and rank bribery, into a hell-hole straight out of Kubrick's The Shining. Indeed. This place has it all. Cavernous stairwells, labyrinths for hallways, staff whose mood altemates rapidly between lewdly fawning and violently offensive, phones with Satanic voices or silence in them...

Coca-Cola was scarce when Chi Chi was over.

To top it off, there's a giant stained-glass window with a likeness of some Pagan/Tattar/Byzantine godhead that looks like it has been staring down at all of the millennial slaughter that has rolled by in this city like some twisted snuff flick. I've been waiting for Jack to show up (shit, forgot my baseball bat), just so he could order up a chicken salad sandwich without the chicken salad.

(continued on page 8)

FEAR AND LOATHING

(continued from page 7)

The hotel reminds me of Hunter S. Thompson's rant about the Sheraton Schroeder in Milwaukee: a den of fascists too vile even to be levelled. As the good doctor wrote, "passive incompetence is one thing, but aggressive Nazi hostility on the corporate level is something else again." A fiercely schizoid combination of both is something else again and again.

Just like its counterpart in Wisconsin, the Kievan variation can only be described then renamed, just so the handicap on the next set of people who try to run isn't too heavy.

Anyway, last night (did I mention that the other day I finished my drinking early?), my roommate knocked on our door at around three in the morning (they only have one key to each room in this crypt). After tearing myself out of a dream in which someone's neck had just turned into a broomstick in my hands, I got up to answer the furious pounding. We raved incoherently at each other through the door for awhile, but he finally managed to convince me to let him in. When I did, the dim vision I had of the drunken swine wasn't very bracing. His energy was spent. His energy was spent. He mumbled something about "basrard Americans" and "Omony" (the Soviet version of the Chicago cops under Mayor Daley, crossed with the Navy Seals). Next morning someone else had to give me the story.

They told me he'd gone to a hard currency bar where some Starsandstripes businessman was hoarsely venting graphic abuse, in loving tones, on a beautiful hooker, and sbe was vacuously sucking it all up like so much greenback jissom. Well, what's to get upset about, right? Another Yank on a Golden Condom tour, selling clean values and capital gains to barbarians, shortly to return to the wife who votes differently out of spite, and to beat Bibles with Jimmy or some other TV fornicators as they wait for the kingdom of the Lord.

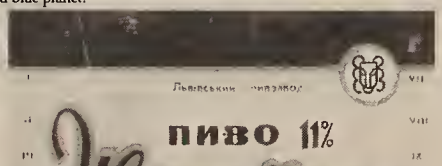
But my roommate's different, a noble Ukrainian son back in the homeland. He bravely told the guy to back off, got him shoved out of the bar by some vicious looking Omon types who were hanging around the rail, and then set about restoring the woman's soul. "What's a nice girl...", the cliche proceeded, and she told him that her greatest ambition was to turn tricks in Zurich. Not enough, he rejoined, and finally he succeeded in reducing her to tears. Zounds! Gloomy Slavic hookers.

Because he's an honest sort, it didn't make him happy. Personally, I can't imagine a more hygienic place to aspire to, but I've never been there, and can see his point. So did the Omony, and that's pretty typical too.

To explain, these boys are a paradoxical lot. Walking sacks of human contradictions in fact. On the one hand, they drive over Lithuanians with their tanks and beat Georgian demonstrators with their shovels, and on the other they wax about the shitty way that Americans treat Soviet women. "No culture," they said, I shit you not.

Well, they're also the brothers who refused to fire on Yeltsin in August when the chips were down, and that's probably why I'm here, so let us all be grateful for strange and unfathomable mercies.

To lay a mercilessly obvious metaphor on you, that woman in the bar was Ukraine at present, or all of us for that matter. Like a thumb between superpower bricks – in a rancid predicament. Sorry about that, but that's the kind of place this is folks: nothing is left up to the imagination. And it's right here on our very own brutal green and blue planet.



Chi Chi tried, but couldn't find this Lviv-brewed beer in Kyiv.

As a postscript, I have since learned, from a sister who has spent more months in the city of golden domes than most Western spleens could endure, that fall is not the worst time to be in Kiev. Winter is. I thought, being a Canadian from my gap-toothed grin to my hockey-splint shins, that the snow would lend the place a certain silent majesty, or some similar romantic crock.

In fact, this happens: all the rats that normally live ion the rotting dammed-up swamp known as the Dnipro River (Dnieper for lovers of archaic Russian spellings, like Kiev), spill from its banks to escape the freeze that defeated Napoleon and Hitler. Once free of the grip of the ice, they wander the streets, full of malice, contending for shelter and food with the increasing homeless population.

Some say that, survivors that they are, these vermin often master both conversational Russian and Ukrainian. Hence their legendary value to their brethren in uniform.

Kyiv – dwellers

by Zenon Fedory

In Plato's "Allegory of the Cave" Socrates, Plato's mouthpiece, begins to say: "Now then, imagine mankind living in an undergound cave which has a wide entrance open to the light. Deep inside are human beings facing the inside wall of the cave, with their necks and legs chained so that they cannot move." Imagine now what I experienced then during the fall of 1991, during the fall of the Soviet empire and Ukraine's road to independence.

Imagining mankind in an underground cave is not to difficul after living in one for two months – Kyiv. It was there that I had become a Kyiv-Dweller.

One day I took a walk into Shevchenko Park. The snow had fallen freshly the night before, and I approached a table of old Kyiv-dwellers playing their regular game of chess, oblivious to my watching them. It was a sight to remember, for here was a group of people immune, it seemed, to the changes occurring around them. They had created a wall like all the other walls that have come down. After the seventy years of violence to humaniry the old players refuse to look up, as they are fixiated on chessboard shadows.

For seventy years a Kyiv dweller could only sink deeper into bitter and silent despair. No one to trust – not even themselves. Everyday someone steals a chess piece off of the board, one of them tells me. Stealing is a way of life. Of all the things to steal – manhole covers are stolen for reasons unknown, and children disappear. Children crossing the streets are falling into manholes that were covered the day before. And the principal has to go looking into manholes for the absentee student.

Socrates continues: "...all they can see are the shadows of objects from the street above cast on the wall of the cave...and if one of them were dragged up and out of the cave into the light of the sun he would see the things of the world as they truly are." Socrates' liberated soul, the Philosopher-King, would become a target for ridicule when he tried to convince his fellow Kyiv-dwellers that there is more to reality than the shadows they take to be theirs.

Deep inside this subterranean city Kyiv-dwellers face an end to or a continuation of their subjugation – a referendum to free a nation of spiritually-oppressed and economically-depressed citizens.

Behind every Kyiv-dweller street lamps burn, casting shadows. Kyiv-dwellers content with looking at shadows hide behind a wall to protect themselves from illusionary pedestrian threats. Street lamps on Shevchenko Boulevard cast shadows onto the pavement and the walls like a puppet show in this once-upon-a-time puppet state. I too look down onto the street, as forlorn as the other Kyiv-dwellers. There is not a single smile to be found among the lonely flow of street walker and somnambulantss, as if they have never seen the light of day or the sun outside of Kyiv.

Puzzled? Uncertain? Who among them will be dragged up and out of Kyiv to look into the light of the sun?

Kyiv dwellers clinging to their familiar shadows

(continued on page 11)

Humour and Satire

It's party time! Let's celebrate! Ukraine is an independent state, so let's forget abour everything that needs to be done to make sure it stays an independent state and just celebrate the fact that it is one. "Eat drink and be merry, for tomorrow, we stand in the bread line!"

Considering the current state of the Ukrainian collective psyche, Ukraine will never become anything more than a breeding ground for petty burghers of blue and yellow, red, red white and blue, blue, red and white or red and black. It will be a spiritual killing field, where masses will continue to be manipulated so that fat, old men (and one woman) in dark suirs at home and abroad can continue sliding futther and futther off the bus.

In short, Ukraine will never be a great state, as far as great states go. What is a great state? England was once one. France was once one. Ameriea would like to be one. Japan is one. Germany is also one now and once was. Ukraine? Newer een yor layf!

Why? Politieal pundits and wannabee intellectuals cry over their mountains of papers, each tear screaming 'historical injustice', 'socioeconomic exploitation', 'geopolitieal manipulation', (and a personal favourite) 'Great State Chauvinism'. BULLSHIT!

It is evident that Ukrainians have become masters at figuring out why they are in the shithole, all the while forgetting that they need to wipe their asses and get out. Does this offend you? Well it shouldn't, and any rational person wouldn't be. But if you are, then you are proving the point better than this article could hope to explicate. So maybe I should just stop writing right here.

However, for those who have missed the point, let's take a little trip into the past. What has made the Great States the great states? Money? No. Political acumen? No. Arranged marriages? Well, maybe just a little.

Open up your books now, class, to page 456. Look at England. Who had more power in the state structure of England at its apex? More than Atthur, Henry, George, John or Victoria. Who really ran the show? Not the King or Queen - who were usually mentally degenerated dicktaters pursuing 'power' - but... Yes, Simon? No, not Hillary Clinton, either.

It was the Court Jester. The Idiot. The Buffoon. The Prankster.

It was these merry men who kept the engine of state well lubrieated and running with their no-bullshit wisdom and clear view of what was really going on. And they got away with it. Everyone would get a good laugh, beeause they all thought that the buffoon was just that - a moron who made people laugh by saying stupid and hilariously outrageous rhings. So they paid no attention to him and laughed politely as he juggled words as well as balls. But... the king knew better. The 'Idiot' was the only one who could tell the truth and get away with it. If the king's fly was open, he would tell him. The noble 'advisers' would ignore the sight of the king's protruding scrotum and advise him in impottant affairs ignoring the hairy ordeal.

The wise king, of course, kept the jester around not to amuse his court - he couldn't care if those buffoons said 'boo', because he knew they were all full of shit. He kept him as an honest source of advice from an unpretentious or selfish perspective. The jester was no fool, he was only called one and acknowledged as such by the real idiots. This was why he was valued by the ruler. Could you imagine an anally retentive noble uttering a word of truth? Loosen those cute tights first, and then maybe.

This is why England became a great state. It was driven by the truth; although as is inevitable in any such case, it got too buzzed out on the truth and began hallucinating The Lie.

Now children, turn to page 1988 and look at Ukraine. Who have been the great leaders of this country? Anyone? A political figure? No. A wise man? No. Who have been the rrue leaders of this aspiring state that has never existed except in the mind? A writer, bald men with cool haircuts, and born-again Christians. Ukraine has not had a great leader of srate, so there has been no state. Simple.

The Reason?

No one has had the ridiculous idea of listening to the truth. No one has bothered to care that his testicles were showing. As long as he was wearing an intrieately embroidered Ukrainian shirt, let them laugh. I have a pot to put perogies in. That's why Ukrainians can't get anywhere. Oh, they are hard working, virtuous people, to be sure and to their credit. But for Pete's sake, lighten up a little. Stop trying to look so hard at defining the truth and just accept it. It will come. Will someone please tell Leonid Kravchuk that his resticles are hangin'? But let him finish playing chess on the computer first.

This is what we need. Not a new intelligenrsia. Not a self-conscious working and peasant class. No marching ranks of steel soldiers singing happy songs as they go off into glory. It needs a cohort of Merry Men. We need The Jester. One who could tell the people in 'power' how to use it. It needs people who are less caught up in themselves and are thus more at ease with reality. People who you will never eatch walking around with their jewels on display. People who look good wearing funny hats; but when they wear them, it's somehow less funny than exposed genitalia.

This of course, is by no means meant to be taken seriously. DO YOU GET IT?

Who eares if no one else gets it? Those who are meant to understand will have gotten the message a long time ago. "You're either on the bus, or off the bus."

You see, class? It *is* whether you win or lose. So you better learn how to play the game.

Why is this appearing in this section? Because it makes one want to laugh how some people take this shir so seriously. Doesn't it? Yes, it cettainly does. It certainly does. It does. Really.

HAHAHAH

Y. Akaruka

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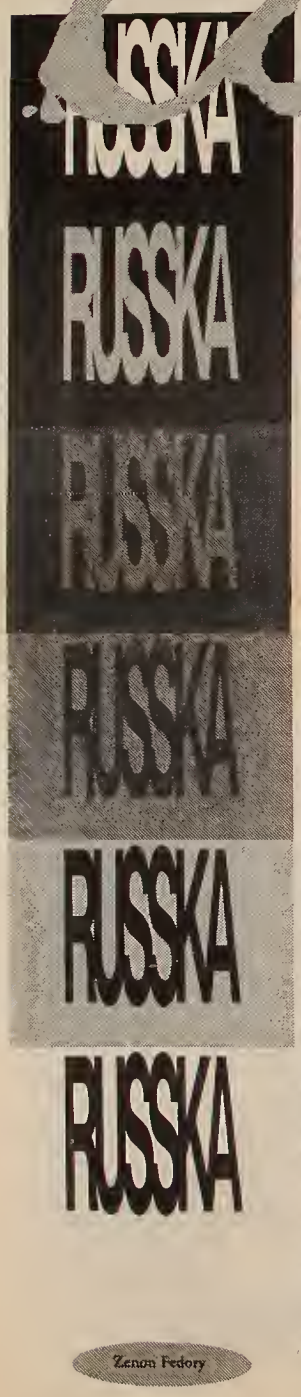


RUSSKA - The Novel of Russia
written by Edward Rutherfurd
published by Ballantine Books
New York, 1991.

You can't judge a book by its jacket. *Russka* may look like a novel of Russia, but it reads like a history book on Ukraine.

I heard about it while shooting a game of billiards with my friend, Sviatopolk. The game is a weekly ritual, exchanging derogatory calls and sharing the latest news.

So there I am, waiting in anticipation as usual to see Sviatopolk scratch on his next shot. He takes careful aim, measures his stick, weighs it onto his left thumb and then... stands up, walks around the table to see if its greener on the other side. He returns and positions himself once again to the cue ball, and begins to tell me about a novel he just read: *Russka*.

I tell him to forget the book for now and shoot, but it was too late. As he describes the novel to me, I can hear the music... Dr. Zhivago's *Lara's Theme*, a good kolomeika, and Carl Orff's *Carmina Burana*.

The next day, I borrowed Sviatopolk's well-thumbed copy of the book and jumped quietly into my warm bed of flannel covers and a warm cup of tea to start my new adventure into the dark labyrinth of history.

Rutherfurd offers us 1,800 years of pain and joy surrounding the growth of nations. They are nations that existed long before Canada ever did, even before the Christian calendar was in use.

Rutherfurd chronicles four fictitious families who exist inside the structures of time and space that takes us into present-day Ukraine and Russia.

Set in 180 AD in the steppes and forests of the world's most aerable land, we are introduced to Lebed, Kiy and Shchek. Rutherfurd draws extensively from Ukrainian folklore, acknowledging the Ukrainian world of magic and archetypal energy.

I am drawn closer and closer to the pages that sing about ancestors and their superstitions: "Had the voice been no more than a moan from the wind? Or was it the *russalki* from the pool behind, teasing him?"

Ruska is like a *russalka*, teasing me on, not giving me enough until I reach the last page to be satisfied.

Spiced with stories within stories, one discovers a whirlwind of history that is truly ours to share. We have all read the stories in school as children, and you hear them echo as you read. It's strange to find that in a book that's supposed to be about Russia.

The characters are endowed with the redeeming features of fictional heroes and villains, involved in a blacker than chornozem soil of bloody, documented history. They suffer through all the historically predetermined repercussions and concussions the true players have suffered. The Grim Reaper makes his presence known on every page - foreboding then serving a plate of fresh and familiar horrors.

Every event is grounded in historical probabilities and possibilities. As the winters arrive, the Mongols strike and as the snows melt, halcyon summers bloom. This is the rhythm of history for one *Russka* chapter.

The pace, however, changes from chapter to chapter. and with *Carmina Burana* in the background, the book is riveting.

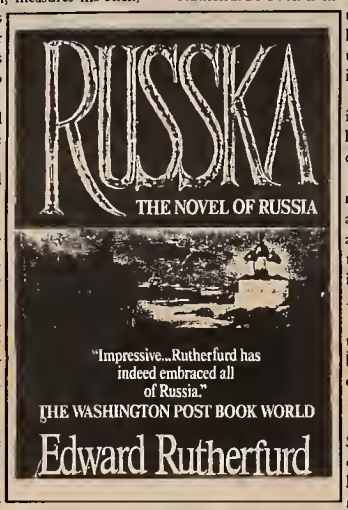
Russka also tells us about the awesome power that religion can unleash. The seeds of belief rise from the monastery and cause divisions that never heal.

The stories of physical cruelty and psychological terror are more graphically written than any historical text, other than Gibbon's *Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire*.

Like a Michener novel, you are not quite sure where to find it. You have to be on guard, to differentiate between fantasy and reality. Most of the time you are taken on a magic kylym ride with Ali Baba and the Forty Mongols. Below, reality clashes with reality, leaving bones and flesh behind.

How Ukraine or Russia exist today is a puzzle to every historian and novelist. Rutherfurd pieces together true and fictitious stories with all the xenophobia, claustrophobia and paranoia found in the fields, forests, and streets.

Rutherfurd's book is medicine for a divided soul. He applies just the right dosage of despair and pain in his characters for the reader to understand why there is so much sadness in Ukrainian folk songs.



Russka ends where it began. Shrouded in mystery and paradox. As Rutherfurd himself writes, "with no defined definition."

From terror to error and arbitrary measures to oppress legitimate dissent in a civilisation that remains an enigma, we are reassured of the hopes that must be there. And if not - does history repeat itself? (*in this article it certainly does! - Ed.*)

What is most interesting to point out is that Rutherford skips across historical boundaries and omits the greatest crime of this century - the artificial famine of 1932-33.

I lost my own grandparents because of Stalin's skewed visions and the ignorance of a world too weak to notice. The act of leaving out the horror of the thirties has made me think that what Rutherfurd has written is a summation of accumulated famines, filled with characters starving for food, wisdom, strength, and health but frustrated by artificial systems, implemented by tyrants and Satans.

Rutherfurd mentions the Book of Cyril, a collection of Ukrainian tracts about the apocalypse, to add to the better flavour of the text. We also learn that Peter I modelled "the subjugation of [the] Ukraine on the pattern set by the Englishman Cromwell in Ireland."

Gogol (Hohol) and Shevchenko are not players in this novel, but Rutherfurd gives them a place in the hearts of his characters. A Cossack named Karpenko "speaks of his beloved Ukraine" and plays haunting Ukrainian melodies on a balalaika.

A most touching passage arises when a Jewish girl named Rosa plays Cossacks and Robbers with the Karpenko boys. In adulthood she realises the only men she has loved outside her family are Ukrainian.

It is also good to see the names of Renoir, Monet and Cézanne given a place in this novel of influences, who add light to the likes of Karl Marx. Marx professes to taint the characters with more politics.

As Rutherfurd writes about the Bosnian terrorists assassinating Franz Ferdinand in Sarajevo, we are reminded of today's atrocities against humanity: the pictures he paints can be superimposed on today's newscasts and the similarities abound. Stalin rewrote history to the point where no one has any idea what the truth is - to the point of no recognition for Ukraine's existence.

Rutherfurd has an idea of what the truth is and mixes it with characters moulded by that truth; a truth as vivid and direct as a painting and sometimes as general or remore as reasoning can be.

"...Sviatopolk sunk the black ball... I discovered a great book..."

Zenon Fedory

Kiev dwellers

(continued from page eight)

and prejudices, ignorant of each other's presence, like zombies, zapped by electric shock treatments or drugged to confess their sins look up at the street lamps, but they are too bright, too painful and blinding, for they are accustomed to having their eyes kept in the dark.

Rootless abstract meanderings continue into this grey perpetual nightscape of Kyiv. To look up, to see things are they are, and subject oneself to ridicule is to undo the chains. But even after the referendum, the majority of Kyiv-dwellers prefer to look down.

When will they see that they must act on their own behalf to make things better? When will they realize that they themselves are responsible to tear down the psychological walls that isolate and alienate the individual within us, and recognize differences amongst each other?

With stunned disbelief the world has been witness to the birth of a nation, to the birth of the world's newest nation that has passed through and broken away from a state of primitive slavery.

There now exists a dialogue of kindred spirits, where the "we" and the "I" have begun to merge, to trust and to celebrate thsi new found freedom.

> "...the passport to freedom has been issued..."

Kyiv dwellers went to the ballot boxes full of "Yes!" votes that poured out like a cornucopia of food on Thanksgiving.

Self-destructive walls have come down and the ultimate mortal blow to an expiring empire of tyrants has been dealt. Kyiv-dwellers can no longer rot with shadows, afflict themselves with doubts or believe that the world is absurd.

The tyrants' illusionary lamps that cast shadows for the past seventy years have been smashed, and the sun has burst through, making way for human rights and human intercourse. Children of Chemobyl will no longer be used as pawns in the politieal chess game of radiophobia and a cloud of myth has dissipated to make way for a lucid future that the children need not fear. Divided souls have united into one spirit of Ukraine, and the pain of sorrow and repentance has passed.

Self-expression has been buried beneath the leaves that have fallen, like a chicken never to be hatched. The seeds of self-discovery die as seeds.

Among the Kyiv-dwellers that have come out of the shadows are artists and filmmakers; kindred spirits with whom I was able to form a close bond with. Spirits that have broken rhe evil spell in order to celebrate and re-create all that is good.

Shattered are seventy years of fear and cruelry of xenophobic (or zenkophobic? - ed.), paranoid attitudes. Once every impulse seemed to be a deathwish, now every impulse expresses the desire to live.

Today Kyiv-dwellers can hold their heads high, whether they go to work or to play. Seventy years of injustice will be redressed, and arms-control will be respected. The stakes are too high to do otherwise. It is time to mature and there is no going back to some primitive stage of sameness.

Primary concerns of food, propert, sex and freedom are being addressed, and ways to fulfill these concerns are being ached over. Proof is in the positive steps that Ukraine takes.

Plato's "Allegory of the Cave" is an allegory that runs deep into a sociery that was and is now changing. When I arrived in Kyiv, I could only hear the language of prostitution – everyone was selling themselves and their souls in an underground cave of misery and torture. Alcohol and drugs mixed in the wounds numbs both the pain and the brain, leaving Kyiv-dwellers open ro abuse; personal boundaries trespassed.

I witnessed mafia gangs fist-fighting; a woman being beaten by her husband on the street. A man was hit by a car and an ambulance arrived hours later, and threw him into the back without examination. Tear gas while dining out in a mafia-owned restaurant. Who cared? Who cares? Abuse is the norm, the numbing norm.

It will take time for Kyiv-dwellers to build up a support system and forge individual responsibiliry.

From cave to Kyiv the passport to freedom has been issued. The day has come for all to leap up and out of the cave and into the light of the sun to see things as they truly are. I dedicate this article to all Kyiv-dwellers whose boundaries we respect and protect.

NOT JUST ANOTHER REASON TO PARTY

Paul Grod, President

On January 15, 1993 the Ukrainian youth of Toronto capitalized on a perfect opportuniry to be do-gooders. They shined through by using this occassion, as there were many people in Toronto from the U.S., ro taise money for a very worthy cause - the Children of Chornobyl Canadian Fund. This was done by means of the Pre - Malanka Bash, the brainchild of Roman Chwyl. The Pre - Malanka Bash, entered its third year and has become one of the most popular annual Ukrainian events in the Toronto community (along with the Halloween Pub and the SuperZabava). This event was organized by four organisations which included the U of T Ukrainian Students' Club, the Ukrainian National Youth Federation Toronto and Canada Branch, and the Ukrainian Dance Theatre - Teres.

The Pre - Malanka Bash was quite a production, as five bands appeared on the same stage that evening. The five bands that donated their services to help raise money for the Children of Chomobyl Canadian Fund were: Who's Bob, The West Side, Odnochastnist, Trembita, and Zahrava. Recognition is also necessary to the UNF for use of their hall without charge.

The third annual Pre - Malanka Bash was sold out within the first two hours after the doors opened. The UNF hall on College was filled to its 450 person capaciry and regretfully about one hundred people were turned down at the door. So buy your tickets in advance for next year's Pre - Malanka Bash (rumour has it that the event will be held in a bigger Ukie hall somewhere downtown). Conciously or not Ukrainian youth have created a truly good reason to party. This parry raised $3150 for the Children of Chomobyl Canadian Fund.

•••

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